

Celery, 40 cents.
Peas, 30 cents.
Chicory, 3 to 5 cents.
Sheephead, 15 cents.
Salmon trout, 15 cents.
Lemons, 15 for 25 cents.
Oranges, 40 cents a dozen.
Watermelons, 35 to 50 cents.
Green okra, 35 cents per 100.
Fresh egg, 20 cents a dozen.
Assorted fruit, 25 to 30 cents a basket.
Sweet potatoes, 75 cents a peck.
Stewing pear, 10 cents a quart.
Raspberries, 7 to 10 cents a box.
Best butter, 55 cents a pound.
Nutmegs, 10 cents; large, 15 to 20 cents.
Plums, 35 cents a dozen, best 60 cents.
Large sea bass, 15 cents; small, 10 cents.
Green peas, 20 cents a pound; choice, 30 cents.
Green peas, 40 cents a peck; best, 60 cents.
Bananas—Yellow, 30 cents a dozen; red, 40 to 60 cents.
Peaches, 60 cents a dozen; best, 75 cents to \$1; small, \$1.50 a bushel basket.

WHERE THEY WILL FLIT.

Ben Rathjen will go to Atlantic City.

Luke L. Wilson will go to Bath Beach.

Theodore Martin will go up the Hudson.

J. W. Watson will spend two weeks in Salem, Mass.

Charles W. Berry will take a trip to Saratoga and remain there ten days.

Robert W. Johnson will go to Far Rockaway during the latter part of August.

John C. Strassinger will paint Philadelphia a lurid color during the ten days he remains.

WORLDLINGS.

Senator Chase, of Rhode Island, has never had his picture taken, although photographers have often tried to entrap him into a sitting.

A curious fish, with a head almost identical in shape and expression with that of a frog, was caught off the coast of California, near San Diego, recently. Near the head, on either side, is a fin resembling a frog's tongue. The fish is poisonous and its bite, it is said, means certain death.

The champion fisherman of New England is undoubtedly Miss Lottie M. Stewart, of Framingham, Mass. She is spending a vacation in the White Mountains, and the other morning went out and caught seventy-four trout.

Addison Cammack, whose operations in Wall street have brought him at least \$50,000 during the past fifteen years, began life as a messenger boy in the office of a New Orleans shipping firm.

S. V. White, who made \$20,000 out of a deal in Lacawanna, Alaska a couple of years ago and has since gone to Congress, used to be a reporter in St. Louis.

One of the wealthiest women in the country is Mrs. Moses Taylor. She inherited \$20,000 from her husband, and the estate has since increased greatly in value. She spends her summers at Long Branch and devotes herself largely to religion and benevolence.

Aboriginal Receptivity.

(From Park.)

AGENCY.

Man-With-Prayed-Ear—What for you cry?

Man-Afraid-of-Red-Headed-Horse—I guess think what—shame his injun!

Mr. Edison Has No Star.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

Yours is the best, brightest and most ac-

commodating of newspapers, and I am with

pleasure a constant reader, never feeling con-

demned evenings until I have read every line.

Can you enlighten me on the following: Sev-

eral of my friends claim that the gifted elec-

trician, Mr. Edison, is guilty of adding to the

immense store of his own manufac-

ture, which, with his skill, he sends up regu-

larly every evening. There is one star in the

southern part of the heavens which exceeds

all others in brightness (just as THE EVENING

World does its contemporaries), and this is

claimed to be the artificial one. Others of

my friends claim it to be the evening star.

If you would decide this you would prove

more than ever to be the "all-wise" and your

independent sheet that THE EVENING WORLD

is the place to look to for information.

G. F. KIRKMAN, JR.

Shall the Railings Be Taken Down?

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

I would suggest that instead of opening the

gates of Stuyvesant Park that the railings be

taken down altogether, as has been done in

all the other city parks. These railings

could be utilized by putting them at the

per end of Central Park, on One Hundred

and Fourth street, between Fifth and Eighth

avenues. The park is sunken at this point

from six to ten feet below the sidewalk, and

is dangerous to life and limb. Will any one

second the motion?

HAILEM.

164 East One Hundred and Sixth street.

The Irish Volunteers.

At a meeting of Company A, Second Battalion,

Irish Volunteers, held at their army, 120 First

avenue, Major William J. Kelly presided. Lieut.

P. L. White was unanimously elected Captain and

Second Sergt. M. Joyce was chosen First Lieut.

Company B will elect a Captain and a First Lieut.

Monday evening, Aug. 2.

Company C will be organized in a very short



JOKERS TO THE FRONT.

But Please Be Chary About Sending in

Chestnuts.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

I submit the following:

CONUNDRUM.

Why do I believe that my little jokelet will

be treated with full justice in this contest?

Answer—Because I believe that during the

contest an honest judge is high (Nye).

"NOT SO EXPENSIVE."

Why (who has been compelled to remain in

the city all summer)—Well, I think, I sup-

pose I shall come out next winter in my seal-

skin, eh?

John (who has met with heavy losses)—I

doubt it, my dear, it seems to me that if

things go on at the same rate, you'll stand a

better chance of coming out in your bare

(bear) skin next winter.

SHE COULDN'T ENDURE IT.

Aunt Bessie (to a gay and thoughtless niece)

"Why, Fanny, I can't understand how you

can remain idle and do nothing, poor old mother

does the housework alone? In fact, I don't

see how you can endure the sight."

Fanny (all dressed for the street)—That's

just it, auntie, I cannot endure to stand by

and see dear mother work so hard, therefore

I dress up and go out for a stroll the moment

she commences.

CONUNDRUM.

Why should the winner in this contest be

considered the funniest man alive?

Answer—Because he has won the prize for

writing the best joke in THE WORLD.

ED GARDNER.

71 Penn street, Brooklyn, July 30.

What's a Minute, Anyhow?

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

I have one for Bill Nye to pass upon.

Patsy (to horse dealer)—I want to buy a

fast horse.

"Well, how fast, my friend?"

"Oh, about a three-minute horse."

"I don't know what that gait is to-day.

How would a four-minute animal do you?"

"Oh, well, what's a minute, anyhow?"

Trot him out." T. S. TILTON.

737 Sixth avenue, New York, July 31.

Haven't We Heard This Before?

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

Here is a joke which may please Bill Nye:

A seedy tramp boarded the west-bound

train at the Grand Central Depot. About

half way to New Haven the conductor asked

him for his ticket. He told the conductor

he had none. The conductor put him off at

the next stop and accompanied him with a

big kick, but the tramp again boarded the

train before it started, and met with the same

treatment at the next station. This treat-

ment continued for several times, but he al-

ways succeeded in getting aboard the train

before it started. At last the conductor, be-

coming exasperated, caught the tramp by the